DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1897. NUMBER 8

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lesssons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
And things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue,
And we shall see that all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweets to craving to babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if sometimes, commingled with life's wine
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is living low;
Where human kisses cannot reach her face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath,
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend;
And that sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send,
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say: God knew the best.

AT THE SIGN OF THE THREE BALLS.

A breezy morning, a blue sky; and Her Majesty's man-of-war, "Lord Nelson," anchored at the dock in Bristol, is just on the eve of starting for an outward-bound passage to India. The bands plays the most inspiriting airs. The tide ripples up the Channel. Flags and banners flaunt and float, and the union-jacks stand out from their poles as if they had life as their own. Soldiers in orderly, red-coated ranks. but with excited hearts, sailors, porters, officers, friends, and the miscellaneous crowd which gather to see a giant ship set sail, fill decks and quays. "The Queen's Own," a favorite regiment shipping for India, was not an every-day sight, and it seemed as if all Bristol must bid them God-speed! In fact, every class of English subjects was represented, from commanding officers chosen from the nobility, down the private risen from the lowest social rank in the United Kingdom.

The scene was a gay one. Music from silver instruments, the high colors of the military uniforms and the glorious fresh breeze calling the ship alluringly out to the freedom of the high seas—all these cleared the mists out of many sad hearts, touched by the parting from the fine young fellows who made up the greater part of the regiment. But when heart-break sets in deeply, music only intensifies every feeling. Light and air and sound and color are only so many nore qualities to vivify emotion. But it has ever been the way of the world, if not to dance on graves, yet to make the loudest sounds when the soul was sinking lowest.

On one heart, yes, on two, the merry sounds vibrated almost too keenly. The sunny morning, the delicious splash of the water on the huge sides of the vessel, spoke only to them of separation and absence, and the hollowness of life when a hemisphere should intervene between them. One was a man. He stood in the ranks on the deck of the steamer, in the fixed file of his comrades in uniform. His face was toward the shore; and altho he might not move hand or finger and scarcely an eyelid, he could still look at Marjory, his wife, where she stood with Harry and Madge, their children, and Elizabeth, her sister, beside her. He could think, if he could not say it, "Ah, what a lovely face you have, Marjory! And little Harry, when shall I see you again? God bless you all!"

The manly heart was eating itself out, but no words could be spoken, no motion made. Outwardly unmoved as the mast, this brave soul was agitated within and restless as the unquiet water on which the great man-of-war rode. So circumstances, like the heavy vessel, press upon the tumultuous heart, but cannot bid it be calm. A gun, another, still another, sounds! The great heart throbs, the vast enginery moves. The solemn strains, "God Save the Queen," float far back as she rides down the channel like a self-directed personality. Faster, she seems to go, to Marjory trying to fix her eyes on the form which alone interested her, but which blended so rapidly with one long line of red. And now the vast hull begins to sink below the line, and all is a blur of shipping far down the Channel, and the faintness of the mortal spirit wrenched from its object is upon her. All turned as black to her as the bow of the man-of-war!

"Ah, Marjory, don't you go off now! Think of the children."

These words and an unexpected dash of cold water in her face brought Marjory up from the nether world, whither she would gladly have sunk. Elizabeth, her sister spoke roughly; but it was the tonic Marjory needed.

"Yes, yes the children," she murmured. The crowd pressed by the little group. Some saw a pale, deathly pale woman; but most did not even see her. Sorrowful groups are not so rare in this world that they stop its irrepressible tide or even attract momentary consideration.

"Elizabeth," she said, "it is like standing at his grave!"

"Not a bit of it," said the comforting sister. "It'll not be six months before you'll be going to him."

Harry and Madge, very tiny little folk, escaped any severe pangs; for the bright young father had kissed them cheerily, and left consolation behind him in the shape of toys and confectionery. They trudged along with a sense of great festivity in the air, their little hands laden.

Marjory's heart would come up in her throat as the looked on the little tin horse and the doll which she and Harry had chosen for their darlings; but necessity helps the poor to calm their overwrought feelings, and dinner must be got for the children.

"Lizzy, dear," she said, "to think it is only the want of a few pounds that keeps me from going with Harry."

"Oh, we'll soon get the money for your outfit. You know the officer said the Government required it before you could sail," Elizabeth.

"How I wil work," rejoined Marjory; "but isn't it always the want of a little money that wrenches the heart of poor?"

They went by a handsome row of houses, into one of which Marjory returned. Here she had taken a position as housemaid at good wages, while Elizabeth cared for the little ones in two small rooms in a distant suburb of the city, Marjory's wages supporting all, with such aid as Elizabeth could render by needlework at home.

"Oh, Elizabeth," cried Marjory, bursting suddenly into the little home one day, "I've lost my place."

"And what for?" asked Elizabeth.

"Only the hard times. They said they must keep so many servants," she replied.

Six months had passed since the parting with Harry, and still the requisite pounds were not saved. Little Madge had gone without needed garments, and Harry could not go to school.

Elizabeth understood well that the regular support had ceased. It was now the depth of winter. But her self-reliant spirit came to her aid.

"Cheer up, my brave, there must be something for us to do," she exclaimed.

"No; they say there's no work for any body," sobbed Marjory.

The little stove began to smoke, and Madge, after watching the tears course down her mother's cheek, began too to shed her own like drops of imitative morning dew. Harry was frightened to see his winsome mother so filled with her grief that she forgot to pet him. The dismal air of things in general made him sob, too; and he crept close to Aunt Elizabeth, as to his tower of strength.

For many days the sisters sought for work. Everything seemed frozen. People's hearts were far withdrawn within themselves.

Work there was none; at least, not far the weary, heart-sick women who walked so endlessly in search of it. They sought the most menial places, even those most poorly paid. Nobody wanted anybody to work for them.

Stores of food or of clothing they had none. They had now used the very last of Marjory's earnings.

One evening, when the snow was flying and the cold wind finding out every smallest inlet to their rooms, Elizabeth had a happy thought.

"Do you remember, Marjory, that Mrs. Mason below has a fine pair of linen sheets?" said she.

"Indeed I do; she was showing them to me lately," replied Marjory,

"Her mistress gave them to her out of her own stock when she was married."

"Yes; they are fine and large, and very handsome. She keeps them in the press you have often seen in her room," added her sister.

"Do you think she would lend us the loan of them?" queried Elizabeth.

"And what could we do with them, if she did?" asked Marjory in return.

"We could put them pawn and get some money to stock a basket of cheap little things to sell," answered Elizabeth.

But do you think Mrs. Mason would let us have them for that."

"Oh, she has a kind heart, I know; and one of us could look after the children while the other sold the things."

Mrs. Mason was a somewhat awesome neighbor, for she bore certain marks of gentility acquired from her long service with "the quality."

"Indeed, they are the pride of my heart. I'll just show them to you," she said in response to Elizabeth's timidly ventured request. "What a quality of linen! Did you ever see anything like it?" she asked in pride. At first the thought of trusting these last proofs of her former grandeur to the indignity of a pawn-shop appalled her. But her pity for her neighbors was real and had the divine quality of self-sacrifice in it, and it was appreciated by intelligence higher in the scale than were the two lonely women who benefited by it. "Indeed, you are welcome to them and to all I have," she cried, to the happy Elizabeth.

"I'll restore them safe every evening," said the latter.

The rugged road seemed about to be a little smoothed. They slept peacefully for the first time in many weeks. Elizabeth took the precious linen with her to the pawn-shop as early as possible in the morning. The dreary, heart-breaking sign creaked in the wind. The place had been open all night, for the transactions carried on here in consequence of need, of unthrift, of guilt, cease not day or night.

How Elizabeth feared that the sum she could obtain on thetreasured linen would not be enough to set up even the meager stock she had in mind! But the two shillings the pawnbroker allowed her seemed a munificent sum, and with eager alacrity she bought the needles and pins, shoestrings and combs, which made the substantial part of her stock, and added some very cheap musical tops and some halfpenny for the sweet-toothed urchin. They made up together a vast store of delights which she would gladly own, but which she would more gladly part with.

"And how much did you get, darling?" cried Marjory, as Elizabeth, spent but happy, brought home the rescued sheets from the shop in the empty basket.

"I've all the things sold and two shillings by me of clear gain," she answered, in triumph.

This was the first day and an auspicious one. But not all days were so lucky. Many times the heavy basket came home almost as well stocked as it went out. Yet they managed their finances most ably, and always saved enough to redeem the sheets each evening, for they were a *sine qua non*. Thankful inded were the sisters to wear through the bleak winter, and to find it easier to trudge about the city streets in a balmier season and force their wares on an unwilling public.

No tidings from Harry in India! Majory found it hard to think he was alive.

* * * *

In a beautiful drawing room in one of the finest houses in Bristol, two ladies were talking together. One of them, advanced somewhat beyond middle life, wore a look of benevolence. She was telling her dear friend, the wealthy owner of the house, of her former life when she carried on a charity school for the poorest children in Bristol.

I went down into St. James' Court. You remember Majory Fanshaw, the young girl in whom I was so interested six or eight years ago?" replied Miss Miller.

"Yes; I recall her perfectly. What became of her?" asked her friend.

"She married the same year I left here. Her husband has gone with his regiment to India. She has two little children, and she and her sister have a novel way of supporting themselves," said the philanthropic worker.

"Tell me about it," said her friend.

"They borrow two linen sheets daily from a friend who lends them, and these they pawn, and so get enough daily to stock a basket with such things as find easiest sale. Every night they most carefully return the really handsome linen to their friend," said Miss Miller.

"Surely they cannot support themselves on such an uncertain basis," said Miss Leonard, beginning to be interested in fate of the her friend's *protegees*.

"Yes, and they have saved a little, a very little, too, in the hope of some day getting enough to secure the outfit which the wife of a soldier must have before she can be sent out to India to join her husband," said Miss Miller.

"How much do they need still?" asked her friend in reply.

Five pounds sterling, with what she has would enable Marjory to get her outfit entire."

"Then she shall not fail to have it," cried Miss Leonard, going to her desk and drawing a check for seven pounds. She gave it to her old friend with evident pleasure.

They parted. Miss Miller went to her lodgings and looked forward to an evening with an interesting book. Suddenly the though struck her: "This money is not mine, it is Majory's; and she ought to have it this very moment." She herself had no money for a cab. It rained. But there was no way but for hero to take it to its rightful owner twmiles distant. The resolute, clear seeing woman set out at once on her walk.

We may imagine Marjory's astonishment and pleasure and the welcome she gave her old friend. Could it be they had made their last visit to the "Sign of the Three Balls" —that she and the children should so soon see Harry? The precious linen sheets were none the less white for the good work of Mrs. Mason. She could be ready in the short time, oh! surely, yes—in less, if need be. A ship was to sail the next day. It was well Miss Miller had had a consience that prompted such immediate action.

* * * *

The regimental band had not ceased playing, altho dress parade and inspection were over for the day. The men were returning to the barracks, glad that duty was done, but wishing for some kind of pleasurable excitement. Heavy fragrance filled the tropic air. The sun was dropping below the horizon, when word was brought to Harry that his wife was just outside the grounds and wished to see him.

His wife! the word was too good be true. No word had reached him even that she had sailed.

And the children—yes, there they stood, not so much changed, either, as he had feared.

And there was Majory with the old light of affection on her face.

"Harry!"

"Marjory!"

They were as angels of light to each other, and the months of waiting and poverty were as a dream when one awaketh.

THE FIRST USE OF GAS.

Great was the amazement of all Europe, when, at about the close of last century, William Murdock discovered that gas could be used for illuminating purpose. So little was the invention understood by those who had not seen it in use that even the great and wise men (?) of the British Parliament laughed at the idea. "How can there be light without a stick?" said one member of august body, with a wink and a knowing nod. Even the great Sir Humphrey Davy ridiculed the idea of lighting towns and cities with gas. He one day asked Murdoch, "Do you mean to use the dome of St. Paul's for your gas meter?" Sir Walter Scott also made merry of the gas idea, and of the coming attempt at "illuminating London with smoke from a tar factory." When the House of Commons was finally lighted with the new illuminant, the architect and custodian of the building, who imagined that the gas ran as fire throught the pipes, insisted that they be removed several inches from the wall to prevent the building from taking fire. Several distinguished members were also observed carefully touching the pipes with their gloved fingers and then smelling of them to see if they could detect the odor of burnt leather.

The first shop in London lighted by gas was one of which a Mr. Ackerman, a German, was the proprietor. This shop was on the Strand, and the date was 1810. One of the ladies of rank who often visited the Ackerman shop, was so delighted with the brilliancy of a gas jet on one of the counters, that she requested the proprietor to let her take it home for the evening, promising to return it safe and sound in the morning.

Although many lay claim to the honor of being first to introduce gas for practical purposes, all the glory there is in it should be accorded to Murdoch, who was, no doubt, the original discoverer of the art.—*Exchange.*

He Know too Much.

A story is told of meek-looking stranger, with a distinctly ministerial air, who applied for permission to look over a large rubber factory.

He knew nothing at all about the rubber business, he said, and after a little hesitation, he was admitted. *The India Rubber World* describes the interview:—

The superintendent showed him about in person, and the man's questions and comments seemed to come from the densest ignorance. Finally when the grinding-room was reached he lingered a little, and asked in a hesitating way:—

"Couldn't I have a specimen of that curious stuff for my cabinet?"

"Certainly," replied the superintendent, although it was a compound, the secret of which is worth thousand of dollars, "certainly. Cut off as much as you wish."

With eager step the visitor approached the roll of gum, took out his knife, wet the blade in his mouth, and—

"Stop right where you are!" said the superintendent, laying a heavy hand upon the stranger. "You are a fraud and a thief. You didn't learn in a pulpit that a dry knife won't cut rubber."

So saying, he showed the imposter to the door, and the secret was still safe.

Official Notification of Confirmation.

DETROIT, 13 Feb., 1897.

DEAR MR. MANN:—It will give me great pleasure to be with you at Ephphatha Mission on the 14th of March, at 3 o'clock P.M.

Yours affectionately,
THOS. F. DAVIES.
Bishop of Michigan.

FIFTY CENTS LOSER.

A dudish specimen of humanity presented, last week, to the clerk of a certain drug store on Olive Street, a prescription reading as follows:

"Sodii choridum, one ounce.
"Aqua pura, four ounces."

The weights were written in the ordinary conventional style, says the St. Louis *Republic*. The clerk looked smilingly at the prescription for salt and water and asked the customer what he wanted to use the prescription for.

"I am afraid that every hair will fall out, and my doctor gave me that as a prescription," was the answer. The clerk filled the prescription and charged 75 cents. He put on the bottle a red label with the word "Poison!" and told the dude to be careful, as the "sodii chloridum" was particularly dangerous.

Two days later Mister Dude brought back the bottle to be refilled. The clerk was absent and the druggist himself waited on him. This gentleman found the perscription on file, but the price had been omitted. He knew that he had to deal with a fool. Therefore he fixed the salted water and thought that 25 cents would be an honest compensation.

"How is that?" asked the customer. "Last time I paid 75 cents."

The druggist went back to the prescription inclosure to investigate, or rather to invent a satisfactory answer. In a few minutes he returned and explained that the duty on "sodii chloridum" (common salt), which was enormous, had been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. As to "aqua pura" (pure water), the price had fallen 100 per cent. on account of the absence of yellow fever this year in Central and South America.

The dude went away satisfied with his hair restorer, but the clerk will be discharged if he fails to write prices on the prescriptions in the future.

Handy Figures.

Here are some figures and rules very handy to know and keep in mind, and they may save tedious "figuring" and calculating if they are committed to memory.

A rod is 16½ feet or 5½ yards.
A mile is 320 rods.
A mile is 1,760 yards.
A mile is 5,280 feet.
A square foot is 144 square inches.
A square yard contains 9 square feet.
A square rod is 272¼ square feet.
An acre contains 43,560 square feet.
An acre contains 4,480 square yards.
An acre contains 260 square rods.
A section, or a square mile contains 640 acres.
A quarter section contains 160 acres.
An acre when 8 rods wide is 20 rods long.
A solid foot contains about 1,728 solid inches.
A pint of water weighs one pound.
A gallon of water holds 231 solid inches.
A gallon of milk weighs 8 pounds and 10 ounces.—*Ex.*

Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was the guest of honor at a dinner of the London Authors' club, July 16th. Her son, Vivian Burnett, has just finished his sophomore year at Harvard. His fame as the original of Little Lord Fauntlerory has cost him dear at college, where he is universally known as Curly Locks. One of the tasks imposed on him during his initiation into the Pi Eta society was to wear the costume of Little Lord Fauntleroy in public for three days. He performed it courageously, however; he visited a high priced tailor, and ordered an elaborate suit of Fauntleroys—short breeches, velvet collar, and all. His haberdasher got some fine, long, black silk hose for him, and from a wig-maker he secured a wig that looked like molten gold.—*Current Literature.*

Greensburg Miscellaney.

It is whispered that one of Pittsburg's intelligent young deaf men will "pool" all future issues with one of Edgewood's fair young ladies. Who next?

The brother of Robert Hurst, of Irwin, breathed his last, January 20th, after an illness of but a week, with a severe attack of spinal meningitis. Sympathy to our young friend.

Charles Gillen, of Leachburg, after the past few days spent in Irwin, as a guest of his relatives, has returned home. During his visit in that town, took advantage of the ice by skating at the Pennsylvania Glass Plate reservoir. His skill as a skater attracted considerable admiration among the many skaters. It is understood that he is engaged in the business of cigar making at his town home and is doing prosperously.

Advices are to the effect that Rev. A. W. Mann, the general missionary to the deaf of Cleveland, O., expects to conduct services for deaf-mutes at St. Peter Church, Blairsville, Pa., on Monday, March 1st, at 3 and 7:30 P.M. All deaf persons, who reside in Blairsville and other nearby places, are earnestly requested to attend these services.

Robert Ward, of Buena Vista, was last Friday night brought to the home of his brother in Irwin very sick. He has been suffering with what is supposed to be a very severe cold. Your scribe called and found him very poorly. At last accounts Robert was somewhat better.

Lewis A. Diamond, of Arlington Heights, after a few days, hard tussle with that unenviable visitor, La Grippe, has so far recovered as to be able to resume work in the Jeannette Union Planing Mill. He is regarded as a carpenter of no mean ability.

A card received from Mr. M. Mullen, of Brushton, states that he expects to be in the city some day, in order to relieve ye local of his unseeming (?) lonesomeness. He is still employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as inspector. The responsibility of the position seems to rest on him.

IMPERATOR.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

27—Evening, Edgewood Park.
28—Morning, Edgewood Park.
28—11:00 A.M., Pittsburgh. Holy Communion.
28—3:00 P.M., Pittsburgh. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
28—7:30 P.M., Oakmont. Possibly.

MARCH.

5—7:30 P.M., Cleveland. Service and Sermon.
6—7:30 P.M., Indianapolis. Lecture at the Institution.
7—9 A.M., Indianapolis. Service.
7—10:45 A.M., Indianapolis. Holy Communion.
7—4 P.M., Indianapolis. Evening Prayer. Sermon, Baptism.
7—7 P.M., Indianapolis. Lecture at the Institution.
12—7:30 P.M., Toledo. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
13—2 P.M., Jackson. Service and Sermon.
13—7:30 P.M., Detroit. Lecture on the Apostolic Rite of Confirmation.
14—10:30 A.M., Detroit. Holy Communion.
14—3 P.M., Detroit. Confirmation by Bishop Davies.
15—2 P.M., Iowa. Service and Sermon.
15—7:30 P.M., Grand Rapids. Service and Sermon.
20—Evening, Chicago.
21—10:30 A.M., Chicago. Holy Communion.
21—3 P.M., Chicago. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
26—7:30 P.M., Cleveland. Evening Prayer and Sermon.
27—10:30 A.M., Youngstown. Morning Prayer and Sermon.
27—7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh. Lecture on Confirmation.
28—10:30 A.M., Pittsburgh. Holy Communion.
28—3 P.M., Pittsburgh. Confirmation and Sermon by Bishop Whitehead.
29—3 P.M., Union town. Service.
29—7:30 P.M., Uniontown. Special Service.

APRIL.

3—7:30 P.M., Toledo. Service and Lecture on Confirmation.
4—10:30 A.M., Toledo. Confirmation and Holy Communion.
4—1:30, P.M., Toledo. Short Service and Address.
4—7:30 P.M., Monroe. Special Service.
10—7:30 P.M., Indianapolis. Lecture and Confirmation.
11—9 A.M., Indianapolis. Service.
11—10:45 A.M., Indianapolis. Holy Communion, St. Alban's Mission.
11—4 P.M., Indianapolis. Confirmation by Bishop White.
11—7:30 P.M., Indianapolis. Lecture at the Institution.
13—7:30 P.M., Akron. Service and Sermon.
14—Evening, Poland.
15—7:30 P.M., Cleveland. Maunday Thursday Confirmation.

Appointments for Easter will be published in due time. Please write the Rev. Austin W. Mann at Bexley Seminary Park, Gambier, Ohio.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rat of ten cents a line.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

IF Rip Van Winkle had begun his twenty years' nap in the year 1876, he would, when he awoke, have been surprised to note the changes and reforms in the education of the deaf.

In 1876 there were only 48 schools, with an aggregate (for 46 of these schools) of 5,309 pupils. To educate these 5,309 pupils there were employed 322 teachers.

There were 182 male teachers and 140 female. Of these 111 were deaf.

In 1896 the number of institutions and schools had increased to 80, and the total number of pupils to 11,054.

The total number of teachers employed in 1896 was 879.

Of the whole number of teachers in 1896, there were 266 males and 613 females. The number of deaf teachers was 180.

In twenty years the increase of male teachers has been only 84.

In twenty years the increase of female teachers has been 473.

The increase of deaf teachers, including males and females, in twenty years has been 69.

It is apparent that deaf teachers are not in demand at our schools and institutions.

It is also apparent that either the gentlemen qualified to enter the profession of teaching the deaf are not anxious to do so, or the powers that be in our institutions do not want to secure them.

NOW that the checker tournaments are on the wane, would it not be a good idea to offer a "silver" cake basket for the tiddledewinks championship of the united aggregation of deaf-mute societies?

GENIUS may go long unrecognized, but eventually it is discovered by some individual who can see deeper and has his perceptive faculties cultivated beyond the ordinary degree attained by common mortals, as witness Editor Read's statement that "J. H. Eddy is one of the finest writers in America." After Mr. Eddy has recovered from his embarrassment, we expect to see something nice from his pen about Editor Read.

THE destruction of the Pennsylvania Capitol will make a big hole in the finances of the State, and the authorities of the institutions for educating the deaf are mentally debating the probability of decreased appropriations. A new Capitol building must be erected, and its cost may deplenish the treasury; and as it is forbidden by the constitution to issue bonds, the alternative seems to be meagre appropriations or increased taxation or both.

NOT PRINTED!

Why?

This is what one or two of our correspondents will ask this week.

And this is our answer:—

We can not use "copy" written on *both sides* of the sheet.

This rule is printed every week, and periodically is referred to editorially; and it is astonishing how often correspondents violate it, and then blame the editor for its enforcement.

CHICAGO.

An Evening With Shakespeare.

SOLICITING AID FOR THE ORAL SCHOOL.

A Bride and Groom in Town --Better Start a Campaign of Education.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P Gibson, 3716 Wabash Ave., Chicago.]

The Ladies' and Pastor's Aid Society gave its "Evening With Shadespeare" at the Pas-a-Pas hall Saturday evening last. A good-sized crowd assisted in swelling the charity fund of the society by paying twenty-five cents a head, in return for the privilege of spending an evening with the Bard of Avon, and the evening was well spent, too, as the program following will attest:

I.—Biography of Shakespeare, Mrs. Dougherty.
II.—"Seven Ages" (from "As You Like It), Mrs. Morton. "The Seven Ages," represented in costume.
III.—"Romeo and Juliet," Mrs. Hasenstab. Scene 1. The Balcony. Scene 2. The Sepulchre.
IV.—"Joan of Arc," Mrs. Hunter. Tableau. Joan in Armor.
V.—"Taming of the Shrew," Miss Burkhardt. Scene 1. Offered and Declined. Scene 2. The Shrew Tamed.
VI.—Hamlet's Soliloquy, Mrs. Hasenstab. Tableau. Hamlet in his Soliloquy.
VII.—"Othello," Miss Wayman. Scene 1. Othello Entertaining. Scene 2. Desdemona's Marriage Made Known. Scene 3. Othello Accusing Desdemona. Scene 4. Othello Strangling Desdemona. Scene 5 Othello's Suicide.
VIII.—Sonnet on the Value of Love, Miss Treider.
IX.—"Merchant of Venice." First Part, Mrs. Kingon. Scene 1. Negotiating the Loan. Scene 2. Signing the Bond.
Second Part, Mrs. Bowers. Scene 1. The Trial.
Selections, Mrs. Dougherty. Scene. "The Quality of Mercy is not Strained."

The ladies whose names appear opposite the titles of the plays read the story in brief, the tableaux or scenes were partipicated in by several others whose names I, unfortunately, was unable to secure, not being present in person.

It seems that the club members were not satisfied with one masquerade this winter, so it has been decided to give a private masquerade at the club hall Saturday evening, March 13th. This masquerade will be for the members of the club, and their ladies, only. (Outsiders may participate in the fun that is sure to be experienced by sending in their applications for membership, together with the two dollars initiation fee, in time for the business meeting, March 6th.) Four prizes will be awarded for the best costumes. A penalty of a heavy admission fee will be imposed on any member who appears at the party without being in costume.

Mr. Gibson, assisted by the club's standing entertainment committee, has charge of the arrangements, and tickets may be had of him on March 6th.

Miss Grace Chamberlain, of Jackson, Mich., was married to Daniel Tellier, of Rutland, Iowa, at Jackson, on the 16th inst. Mr. and Mrs. Tellier came to Chicago on their wedding trip, and have been spending several days here. Mr. Tellier is at present employed in the Derby Cycle Works, at Jackson, and that city will be the future home of the couple.

W. W. Rosback is spending a fortnight in Louisville, Ky., visiting his sister.

Morton Sonneborn was surprised to find his occupation gone last Thursday, the firm which employed him having assigned.

Miss Grace Rhodes is at her old home in Kankakee, Ill.

George Morton wishes his friends to know that the natural gas explosion in the *Chronicle* building Saturday morning did not hurt him any. He succeeded in "holding down his cases," notwithstanding the narrow escape they had from going skyward, at the old "stand."

The Rev. J. H. Cloud of St. Louis officiated at All Angels Mission Sunday. He was also present at the entertainment of the Aid Society.

Young woman solicitors are making a house to house canvas distributing circulars, announcing that an entertainment will be given at Handel Hall, March 9th, "for the benefit of needy little deaf children of the McCowan oral school," selling tickets and asking contributions for same. The circular states, in part, the school in question was established for the purpose of teaching deaf children to speak and giving them an *ideal* (italics mine) education. It states that the founder of the school is now principal of the Chicago Day Schools, etc.

It seems that the dear public is being called upon to bear more than its rightful share of the expense of educating these deaf children, needy though they may be, when there is a State school that would give them a more ideal education as well as seeing to their "needs;" not to mention the Day Schools. Besides it is a rather queer thing to see the name of the the principal of the Day Schools, which are supposed to be conducted on the combined system plan, being used as a sort of recommendation of a private pure oral institution, "founder" of same though said principal may be.

Robert Thomas entertained a party of young folks at his home in Mayfair, Monday evening, the 22d. Mrs. E. N. Bowes chaperoned the affair.

It seems that Prof. Bell has much to answer for in having expounded his intermarriage theory. Illustrations of this have lately come to my notice, and I think them sufficiently worth telling as they may encourage some of my readers to enter upon a campaign of education among their hearing friends, and perhaps, in their own families also.

At a party, not long ago, the writer and a fellow club member were both asked if their "young hopefuls" were deaf. This query may be excusable in some cases, but it happened that the interrogator has a deaf brother, said "brother" being the possessor of a B. A. from Gallaudet, and the two fond papas proceeded to "jump on him" with a hearty good will. B. A.'s excuse was "He never thought of explaining such things to his folks," and promised to do in the future, having seen the error of his ways. Hundreds of the deaf who have children have been asked the same question, and it really seems a shame that there is not more effort made to counteract the impressions people seem to have formed

Another case happened at the late ball of the club. A daughter of deaf parents was asked how she happened to be so adept in the use of signs, this interrogator also having a brother who is deaf. Upon explaining she had associated with the deaf a great deal and that her parents were deaf, her interrogator seemed astounded that she should be in possession of all her senses. Turning interrogator herself, the young lady asked if the "brother" mentioned above were to marry a deaf woman, would deaf children be expected as resultant from the marriage. Her auditor's reply was: "Yes, I suppose so." It would have done one good to see the raking down that this "brother" soon after received for his failure to "educate" the members of his family.

From these few of the many such cases that have came to my notice at various times, it seems that the deaf themselves have a good many things to answer for which are blamed to other causes, or people. What is more simple than for an educated deaf-mute to sit down and spend an hour or so in posting the members of his family upon such things as the systems or methods, inter-marriage, etc. It certainly would do a great deal and, in the end, those who get their information from the deaf themselves would easily discount the theorists, and those who have no knowledge of the thing itself, and who get their ideas from this or that Millington-Miller, *et al.*

Is not this worthy the attention of the knights of the Telephone (Mt. Airy) and the kodak?

F. P. G.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

"Arthur G. Tucker, of Charlottesville, Va., wants the address of J. Duniap Baker, of Philadelphia."

Mr. William K. Chase, of Winsted, Ct., and Messrs. Crossman and Egan, of Spring field, Mass., were in Hartford lately.

Miss Zoe Lane, of North Judson, Indiana, has been employed for about three years in a tailoring business, at good wages, but it seems lonesome for her, as there is no other mute to keep her company. She visited relatives and friends in Chicago last Christmas, and attended church for the deaf on Jauuary 3d, and enjoyed her visit very much.

There was a Mock Trial at the Hartford School on February 19th, under the direction of Prof. John Crane. The actors numbered about thirteen. Prof. Crane, as Judge; J. Muth, Clerk of Court; Henry Fairman, Attorney for Prosecution; H. Weeks, Attorney for Defence; Mrs. Crane, the Complainant; Mrs. Rock, the Defendant; Mr. Rock, Sheriff. Witnesses; Dana Taylor, Ida Brooks, Maggie Gunshanan, James Kirk.

Let every one ascertain his special business and calling, and then stick to it if he would be successful.—*Franklin.*

Good advice for the undergraduates now at the deaf-mute schools to follow,—*i.e.*, stick to one trade, master it, then like many who are jacks of all trades, will not be advertising for some kind to obtain a living, but will, if you master only one trade, be able to secure good steady positions.

Australia prefers American locomotives.

Our electrical industry represents $1,000,000,000.

Queen Victoria's railway car cost $30,000.

ST. LOUIS.

Fun at the Bal Masque.

OVER 200 WERE PRESENT

The People and Their Costumes--Prizes Went to a Hearing Couple.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

The fifteenth annual ball given by the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club last night was but a repetition of its former events—a success in both ways.

The weather was in a degree against the *bal masque.* It was so warm. The crowd was a little over two hundred, a majority of whom were deaf. The ball room was on the fifth floor of the Fraternal Building, a newly built structure at Eleventh and Franklin in the heart of the city.

It was the most exquisitely furnished hall the club ever gave forth its ball. Besides the ball proper it had a reception room with easy chairs, whose grandeur challenges the Moorish room at the Planters. The cloak rooms were on the fourth floor. No, we did not have to climb up five flights of stairs like we did to see the sanctum of our friends in Windyville during the World's Fair. The elevator was kept running till the electric lights went to bed at 4 A.M.

The ball opened with a waltz. The grand march was led at ten o'clock by the Musical Director, Mr. Nathan Perlmutter, brother of our Sam, and thirty-four couples filed in line. Twenty dances were on the programme. Mr. Perlmutter elaborated himself as the Director, ably assisted by his friend, Mr. Abe Lewis. Light refreshments were served in the dining room below at midnight, after which the dancing continued.

There was not a great many maskers. The hard times have thrown many of the deaf out of employment, hence this lamentable poor showing. During the grand march the prizes were awarded by a committee of three hearing people and two non-members of the club. The two prizes for the most beautiful costumes went to a hearing gentleman and lady, which were a shaving mirror and a case of a dozen bottles of perfume. For the most comical, Harry Berwin captured the cigar case, and Miss Mary Miller a neat leather purse. Mr. Berwin was "Uncle Josh," whose carpet bag grip indicated that he was from New York. His facial expression showed that he had just fallen in with some confidence men. Miss Mary Miller choose the quaint outfit of a colored pickaninny and acted her part remarkably well.

John J. Gill was the "Svengali," of Trilby fame. He was too prettily attired for that. Sammy Perlmutter walked around an old woman incog. He was correct in the make-up, funny too. And if he was writing this account he would emit a lot of good journalistic Frankenstein against the judges' decision in not giving him a slice of the pie.

A. B. Dickmann was a sport in a checkered swallow-tail. President Wolff tried to emulate the daring style of ballet danseuse, but his failure was due to being too much of a man. The abhorrent Turk was given by John McConnell, but there was no Grecian present to show hostilities. Alexander Marschnetz was in the disguise of a school girl, and he behaved himself with feminine explicity that no one recognized him. The red-spotted clown turned up to be Louis Schaffer whose contortions amused every body. Marcus H. Kerr was too solemn this time. Garbed in a white wrapper, he carried a rag human head on a dish and flashed a butcher knife.

The ladies were fewer. Miss Doro Henning was "Trilby," which does not seem to be out of date yet, and a pretty prototype of Du Maurier's heroine was she. Her sister Minnie was a jockey; Miss Annie McCamley, Japanese maid; Miss Katie Kelly, tambourine; Miss Mary McFarland, gypsy; and a few more that escaped my note book.

The ball was ably managed by Chairman Geo. D. Hunter, assisted by the committee of arrangements, A. N. Merrell, Sam Perlmutter, E. England, John Bowe, Harry Berwin, John O'Brien, Wm. Rubeling, Louis Kohlmeyer. The Floor had for its drum-major H. McCamley, and the Reception, Col. W. E. Guss.

Thus, briefly told, the ball came to an end with a good time having been dispensed to all.

Mr. Hammer escorted his mother sister and Mrs. Brant, mother of Mr. Fred. Brant, of St. Paul, Minn., an old St. Louis boy.

Miss Maggie Boyd, of Alton, Ill., was present *en masque* and afforded considerable amusement to her Illinois friends in their efforts to disclose her identity. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Schneider.

John Hill, of Alton, Ill., was there.

It is needless to give the names of those present, but suffice to say three fourths of our society were there. The *Globe-Democrat* said that it was an interesting affair, and that the grand march was spun as easily and lightly as that at the Bradley-Martin affair. It truly said that considerable love-making was carried on in the reception room, but the rest of the article has the abstracts of the reporter's fertile and imaginative brain. Space forbids its insertion here.

Major E. Harden was not at the ball. He was entertaining a little boy at home which came into sight two weeks ago. Mo her and babe have done well.

PHIL DEAN.

MR. BOXLEY EXPLAINS.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1897.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—It is apparent that the article written and signed by Mr. J. Henry Hogan, of Albany, N. Y., is directed at me, because I was the author of the checker tournament reports in your issue of February 11th, which he so scathingly denounces in bitter and uncalled-for terms. And while I absolutely ignore his denunciation, I feel that I should be heard in commendation of the course I have pursued in the premises.

Therefore, may I have the same permission as granted to Mr. Hogan to publish my contradication of his statement in reference to the alleged falsification of my checker tournament reports, concerning his entry and withdrawal.

Mr. Hogan denies the report that he is "among the competing individuals."

It is true now, but at the time of the organization, it was suggested, in the course of drawing contestants, that he should be mentioned as "one of 'em." On learning of his being mentioned, he made a protest instead of a declination, with these declamatory words: "I cannot play checkers but can play chess," which are highly ridiculous. Yet knowing that he might possibly be found in the tail-ender's place at the finale of the tournament, be refused to allow his name to be posted on the list of entry, so for this reason his place was filled by Mr. William Colwell, of Albany, who has already played several games. If this Mr. Hogan were a good player at checkers, it would have a different case.

But, however, he ought to have felt complimented upon the honor extended to him. Why is he not manly enough to accept his entry cheerfully, even if he don't like it, in order to bring the tournament to a successful end, I cannot conjecture. One participant, who now roosts on the lowermost end of a pole, claims that he is not much of a checker player, but he is not willing to take part for the sake of inspiring enthusiasm into the tournament.

Not that he plays to interest himself, but he plays to interest others. He has set a good example, which is commendable. And there are others much inferior to Mr. Hogan playing just to keep up the interest.

As I understand from current hearsay that Mr. Hogan is a second Pillsbury, it seems highly ludicrous to me that the very person that is wonderfully well proficient in the intricacies of chess cannot play checkers at all, which a child of ordinary intellect can learn in fifteen minutes or less. It is generally well understood that chess players are also good checker players, but Mr. Hogan may be an exception to the general rule. Speaking of the ability and skill in checkers, one celebrated player says: "There are many players but few masters." In our tournament I am of the opinion that there is no master of checkers and no brilliant player, and therefore, it is better that we are put on the same footing of equality with one another in the matter of skill and ability, which makes a hot rivalry between ourselves.

CLARENCE A. BOXLEY.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

FEBRUARY.

26—7:30 P.M., St. James, Buffalo. (Lecture.)
28—10:45 A.M., St. James, Buffalo. Holy Communion.
28—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Rochester.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER,
17 Glenwood Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

BROOKLYN GUILD.

There will be a regular meeting in the Guild rooms on Tuesday, March 4th, in St. Mark's Church, (at 8 P. M.) on Adelphi Street, between Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues. All members should attend that evening on special business.

JOHN B. VALLES, *Secretary.*

A tour of New York, during which it is necessary to ride on sixteen different street cars, can be made for five cents.

NEW YORK.

A Number of Holiday Events.

MR. AND MRS. THOMPSON SURPRISED.

Mrs. James Russell, Mrs. F. T. Fox, and Miss Fannie Taggard Entertain--Dr. Quackenbush a Policeman--The News of the Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 226 East 59th Street, New York City.

Under the able management of Misses Kugeler and Block and Mr. C. E. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Thompson had their "wooden wedding" (fifth anniversary) made doubly memorable last Saturday night. It was in the nature of a surprise party and it is said to have been a complete surprise, for Mr. Thompson was caught in his working clothes, while Mrs. Thompson was not at all dressed for an evening party, but they appreciated the kind consideration of their many friends and helped to make the evening pass off pleasantly. Of the many present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, and child, Mr. and Mrs. George Wormuth, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Juhring, Mr. and Mrs. P. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Peterson, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. R. Coakley, Mrs. Wilhelmina Buhle, Mrs. Annie Schleiden, Mr. and Miss Golland, Miss Agnes Craig, Miss Prudence Lewis, Miss Nicholson, Misses Nellie and Mary Long, Miss E. M. Bammann, Miss J. Britt, Miss Minnie Peterson, Messrs. A. McL. Baxter, Washington Houston, M. Glynn, Willie and Walter Long, H. Henrici, Jules Maria, James Britt, Jacques Alexander, Wilbur Bowers, Samuel Frankenheim, Thomas Godfrey, F. W. Meinken, William Abrams, Adolph Ekartd.

During the evening Rev. Dr. Chamberlain baptised the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Minnie Peterson and Mr. Peterson, sister and brother, respectively, of Mrs. Thompson acting as god parents. The little boy received a silver mug from his god parents and a gold spoon from Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain.

The adjoining flat was used also for the occasion through the kindness of the occupant, Mrs. Hewitt.

A beautiful oak extension table was presented to the victms of the surprise, as well as a costly wedding cake that was a personal present from Miss Kugeler.

The affair was such an enjoyable one that the last couple did not leave till 6:15 the next morning Supper was served at 11 P.M., which was in itself a bounteous spread. Games were indulged in to help pass the fleeting hours.

Miss Myra Barrager and Mr. McDougal were among those who contributed to the present of the oak table but who were not present.

Mrs. Thompson's brother sent a big pile of wood, rather as a joke, arguing that nothing but wood was fit for a wooden wedding.

Mrs. James Russell gave a five o'clock tea to her friends Thursday afternoon, February 18th. Those present were Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Mrs. M. Heyman, Miss Nellie Powers, Mrs. Agnes Kahler, Miss Ida Anspach, Mrs. Henry Goldberg, Miss Minnie Elkins, Miss Dora Labischner, Miss Fannie Taggard and Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz.

A sociable was given by Miss Fannie Taggard on Friday evening, Feb. 19th. The following ladies and gentlemen responded: Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Miss Dora Labishner, Messrs. F. Avens, H. Bettels, Simon Hirsch, C. McMann and H. Jaynes.

Mrs. Thomas F. Fox entertained her lady friends Saturday evening, February 20th.

Dr. Quackenbush, formerly teacher at Trenton, N. J., is now on the Metropolitan Police force. A deaf Philadelphian passing along 122d Street hailed the policeman, mentioning the disgreeable weather, when to his astonishment he was informed that the blue coat could talk by signs.

Mrs. Mary A. Carlin left for Florida yesterday, the 24th. She returns in April.

Washington's Birthday brought a good many up to Fanwood, but they were surprised to find, that the masquerade was a private affair, but in spite of this they were allowed to stay. I should think the officials should make it an invitation affair, and graduates as were worthy of recognition should have been invited.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is spending a few days with his son-in-law in Staten Island.

Mr. W. W. Thomas is now in the South, where he expects to remain all winter.

Henry P. Quigg's brother, who was a detective, died last week.

Lewis Henmann was last week a complainant before Magistrate Kudlich in Yorkville Police Court against his foreman, who tried to shoot him for disobeying an order while the foreman was drunk. The latter was held in $2000 bonds for trial.

Mrs. C. H. Callahan, of 75 Linden Street, Yonkers, gave a party in honor of Mr. Washington Houston, last week, February 18th, at which about twenty-five people were present, mostly deaf-mutes. Mr. Houston has abandoned his proposed trip to Boston, and will return home to Philadelphia the latter part of this week.

Mr. W. G. Jones rendered, to a good attendance at the Guild Rooms on 89th Street, "Macbeth," last Tuesday evening. The dust flew and mingled with the strategism of the evening. It was a rich treat. On Tuseday evening, March 16th, Mr. E. A. Hodgson will cut the air.

Simon Hirsch is agent for an identifying badge, which costs $1, and insures one for $500. It is a good idea, and Mr. Hirsch will be glad to send circulars to those applying. Address him at 139 Greene Street, N. Y. City.

Martin Glynn is back in the city from Albany.

Mr. Robert Ryan and Mr. Fitzgerald are now employed at Tiffany's. This makes six that are there.

Miss Mamie Elsworth, of Gallaudet College, was spending the holidays in this city.

Mrs. Meyers, an ex-Fanwood pupil, is said to be at death's door at the Home.

J. E. Taplin, of New Haven, was in town during the holidays.

W. H. Rose is said to be working for the American Bank Note Co., having left the *Spirit of the Times*, where he was for twelve years.

The writer has no desire to disurs the financial status of the treasury of the Union League with S. F., who seems to think I tried to belittle them. My writings concerning them have been based on belief and information, and while certain member have lately informed me that the Union League at present has over $1,300 to its credit, I however accept the statement of S. F., that it is nearer to $2,500, for he ought to know, being a member and until lately president of that body. I have been a reporter for the deaf press on and off since 1882, and in that time never intentionally made a misstatement concerning any society, and have refrained from saying much that mighthave been to the discredit of several.

TED.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, FEBRUARY 28th.

QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY, THREE P. M.

St. Ann's in Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn.

Pro-Cathedral, 110th St., and Amsterdam Ave., N. Y.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester.

St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, A. M. or afternoon.

St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Evening.

ASH-WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3d.

The 10:30 A. M., the 4:30 P. M., and 8:00 P. M. services in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, cor. of West 11th St., and Waverly Place, will be interpreted for deaf-mutes.

IOWA.

CEDAR COUNTY DEAF-MUTE NEWS.

Miss Nellie P. Mensch, a deaf-mute girl of Iowa Township, was the guest of her sister and brother-in-law at Tipton, and stayed there over Sunday. Her folks are going to move their goods to Keswick, Iowa, on the first day of next month. They will live on a farm. Cedar County people will miss her.

We don't hear any thing about Mr. Gibson Whitmer, of Munn, Iowa, who is still a "Duck" at Gallaudet College.

Frank B. Bangs is County Deputy Recorder for Cedar County, and does not do much in business on account of "hard times."

Mr. Newton Wymer, a deaf-mute of West Branch, Iowa, formerly of Muscatine, Iowa, is insane, and was taken to Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, by the Sheriff, and put in the State Insane Asylum.

Mr. Earnest Chase, who used to be baker at the school for the deaf at Council Bluffs, Iowa, was here on a short visit with his relatives. He went to Iowa City, where he is taking a course in the State Unversity.

The season's catch for all the salmon canneries in Alaska waters has amounted to 113,000 cases.

COLUMBUS.

Our Reporter Lectures in Dayton.

AND GATHERS A FEW ITEMS.

Burned to Death--Happenings of the Week.

From our Columbus Correspondent.

We were down in Dayton last Saturday and Sunday. An invitation from the Vis-a-Vis Club of that city to come over and give it a lecture, caused us to pack our grip and seek pleasure and change of air as well as re-new acquaintances of former pupils.

A two and a half hour's ride landed us in the heart of the city. It is a large one now. Twenty-eight years ago—the time of our last visit, it was a close competitor of Columbus as to which should be the third largest of the State. Columbus is far ahead of it at this time. Its capital advantages has done the work. But for all that the "Gem City" is a fine place. Thrift and go-aheadness are marked every where.

We had no sooner stepped from the car than the tall, robust form of Harry Augustus showed itself on the platform of the station. He took us in charge, and we were taken to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Shanisey, and later to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stebleton, where the inner man's wants were taken care of. In the afternoon, in company with Mr. Stebleton, the homes of a number of the deaf were visited.

The time for the lecture was set for 7:30 in the evening, and when the hall was reached a fair audience was present. The subject was Abraham Lincoln. Its recital occupied nearly three hours, the spectators never ceasing interest in it from beginning to end.

The attendance would have been larger, but many of the deaf have to look out for number one during these depressing times—a number of them have been out of employment for months, while others have had to content themselves with only half time work. Sunday afternoon a religious service was conducted at the same hall, at which over thirty of Dayton's deaf were present.

During the forenoon of Sunday Mr. Stebleton took us over to the National Military Home, some four miles out of the city. It is a grand place even in winter. Here some 5000 of the Nation's defenders during the late Civil War are being cared for. The grounds comprise some 700 acres. The buildings are numerous, all of brick except some occupied by officers. The old soldiers have their club house, theatre, library, etc., in fact everything that goes to make them comfortable and happy.

Mr. T. P. Evans, who took his first lessons in engineering at our state institution and later was one of its trustees, is the chief engineer of the Home. He showed us about the place. The engine houses, some four or five in number, were all visited. They were the pink of neatness, everything about them appeared as bright as a silver dollar. All the buildings are heated by steam, this with gas and water is brought to them in pipes through tunnels. These underground passages are like a street system at night, all lighted up. Mr. Evans designed and built them, and he is a familiar with them as one is with the streets of his city. We made the rounds of some of them, and were only too glad to get into sunlight again, for a semi-mute finds it difficult to walk straight in the glare of light.

Mr. and Mrs. Shanisey were our hosts, and we had no occasion to complain over the latter's culinary abilities. Mr. Shanisey showed us an instrument he is working upon that will, when completed, throw Chester's for aiding the deaf to hear and carry on conversation, far into the shade. It is a very simple thing and will be less cumbersome to carry about. Mr. Shanisey is thoroughly in love with electricity, and like all with an inventive mind, has a whole closet full of tools, apparatus, etc. Mr. Shanisey is now employed in the model department of a last-factory. Messrs. Jacob B. Showalter and Jackson Bates work in the same factory, but in different departments.

We met Mr. Elmer Lewis, one of Dayton's popular deaf-mutes. His wife was Miss Mary Jane Gass. She is a graduate of Fanwood, of the class of 1870, having been under both Drs. Harvey and Isaac Peet. They have six interesting and intelligent children, all hearing, four girls and two boys. The oldest, a girl, is a member of the Dayton High School freshman class. Mr. Lewis is employed as a polisher and buffer in the Davis Sewing Machine Co. The veteran of the Dayton deaf is Mr. Washington Carr. Though above three score years old, he is still able to do a good day's work. He has been employed as a builder in the Barney & Smith Car Manufacturing Co., for thirty-four years. Only during the past summer has he been out of work for a while. He is generous and respected by all the deaf of his city.

Mr. Sam. Stebleton works in a brass foundry, while his three brothers, Jacob, Wilson and Eugene, also find work in some of the factories.

Messrs. C. H. Cary and Frank Rhamy work in the Davis Sewing Machine Company's factory. Messrs. Elmer Miller and Ruben C. Bice hold their own at their respective trades. Mr. Henry Ranzo lives a few miles out of town and carries on the truck gardening huckster business. Messrs. Hatfield and J. S. Smith have cases in printing establishments, the latter on the Dayton *Herald and Times*, while Mr. John Walz has a good paying position in a scale works. Mr. Harry Augustus has been at leisure for some time as the department of the car works he is employed in is waiting for better times before opening up again.

There are about seventy deaf living in Dayton; they are an intelligent, industrious class, social in their character, and it is a pleasure to meet and mingle with them.

The Valentine Social given by the Ladies' Aid Society Saturday evening, proved a success socially and financially.

It was held in the girls' playroom, and this gave ample space for the large attendance. There were tables for the sale of candy valentines and a post-office, both well patronized, in fact the stock of the two former was exhausted long before the party was over.

The great attraction however was the cake walk. Many had invested a nickel, hoping to secure the big cake that had been on exhibition and tempting during the evening. This part of the entertainment was in charge of Mrs. Rose. Mr. C. M. Charles, August Beckert and Miss Edith Biggam were chosen judges. A procession of the ticket holders was formed around the cake with Mr. Charles blindfolded in the centre. After going several rounds the word "halt" was given, and the two pointed at, Orpha Long and Ida Millard, both pupils, proved the lucky winners. It's unnecessary to add they were elated. They lost no time to carry off their prize and sample it.

The Society is over $13 richer by the entertainment which was under the supervision of Miss Heyl, Miss Greener, Mrs. Stelzig, Mrs. William Rose, Mrs. Pier, Miss Bard. The Society desire to thank Mrs. Zeigler, of Worthington, for a generous supply of pop-corn, which Misses Winton, Anderson and Wiedenmier popped; and the Misses Greener for a supply of candy and pop-corn balls.

Those who were pupils of the institution in the seventies, when Mr. P. M. Park was a teacher, will remember a heavy-set deaf man who worked for him, coming over to the grounds sometimes and mingling with them. His name was Andy Timmons. Since Mr. Park moved to California, but once have we seen Andy about the place here. Judge of our surprise upon returning from Dayton Sunday evening to read of his death in the *Columbus Evening Press*, which happened as follows:—

A farm hand met with a horrible death at the residence of John S. Young, father of Sheriff Young, at Morgan's Station Saturday morning. Early in the members of Mr. Young's family were awakened by a strange noise downstairs, and upon going down, they were horrified to find Andrew Timmons, an old and respected mute, who has been making his home with Mr. Young for the past 40 years, lying on the kitchen floor in front of an old-fashioned fireplace, writhing and moaning in agony. A glance disclosed the fact that the unfortunate man was fatally burned.

A physician was hastily summoned and everything done to relieve the unfortunate man, but at 10 o'clock, after suffering untold agony for more than six hours, he died.

Timmons met his death in a strange manner. For a number of years it has been customary for him to get up early in the morning and build a fire in the kitchen fireplace. Of late he has been subject to fits of epilepsy and it was deemed advisable to watch him. Saturday morning he got up, however, and built the fire, and it is supposed that he then sat down in a chair in front of the fireplace, and while in this position he took a fit, falling into the flames.

The deceased was about 68 years of age, and was born near Harrisburgh, this county. He was educated at the Deaf and Dumb institution at the expense of Mr. Young, and after completing his course he took up his residence at the Young homestead, and has remained there ever since. The old gentleman was respected by all, and his sad death will be greatly felt by his friends. Sheriff Young, when informed by telegraph of what had taken place, left immediately for home. He will arrange matters for the funeral, and see that the man is given a decent burial.

* * * * *

Andrew Timmons, the unfortunate mute whose tragic death was published exclusively in Sunday morning's *Press*, was buried Sunday afternoon at two o'clock in Chenowith cemetery at Harrisburg. The services over the remains were conducted at the Methodist Episcopal church at Harrisburg, and were very impressive.

This week's *Chronicle* publishes the fol'owing from Akron:

An accident at the upper basin of the canal nearly resulted in the drowning of several young people at Akron last Sunday afternoon. While skating, Miss Cora Young and John Wood broke through the ice. Lewis Kline and Nellie Bishop, in the excitement which followed, jumped in after them. Jacob Sigler, who tried to reach them with a plank, also went in. For several minutes it was feared all might be drowned, but spectators finally succeeded in dragging them out with ropes. Miss Young was nearly exhausted and is quite ill at Mrs. Bishop's home.

LATER.

The condition of Miss Cora Young appears to be worse than at first thought, as she was taken with pneumonia a few hours after the icy bath, and the chances of her speedy recovery are infinitesimally small.

A majority of the persons mentioned are deaf and were former pupils here.

Mr. A. C. Powell, of Findlay, has just let it be known that a little daughter was added to his family January 2d.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Highland Co., hailed the writer on Town Street Thursday morning. He left school here in 1881, and this was his first visit to the Institution since then. He was greatly surprised at the many changes undergone in the school, and felt a little lonesome, as but few were here whom he had known when at school.

Miss Letitia L. Doane took her class on an excursion to the Ohio State University Saturday afternoon, where they were shown all the interesting objects about the place.

A. B. G.

Feb'y 20–'97.

SPORTING NOTES.

The new organization of Deaf Wheelmen bids fair to become a great institution. The number owning wheels among the deaf is large, and it will soon grow to be the biggest deaf-mute organization in the city, if not in the country. At the recent Cycle Show at the Central Palace, hundreds of the deaf were among the interested spectators, who passed judgment on the thousand different kinds of wheels exhibited. Many of them visited the show every evening during the eight days of the exhibit, and of course, this means that there will be an increase in the silent wheelmen in this city.

The checker tournament is almost over, the winners are known, but fourth and fifth place is yet in doubt, and will remain in doubt till the last game has been won and lost.

Since my last announcement the following contests have been decided:—

Feb. 11, at Xavier Union—
*German Club..... 0
Xavier Union.....10

Feb. 13, at L. A. C.—
Miller, (L. A. C.)..... 3
Ekartd, (F. Q. C.)..... 3

Miller, (L. A. C.)..... 2
Capelli, (F. Q. C.)..... 2

Feb 18, at U. L.—
Limpert (N. J. S.)..... 7
Nuboer, (U. L.)..... 2

Lawrenz, (N. J. S.)..... 0
Nuboer, (U. L.)..... 1

Feb. 20, at N. J. D. S.—
Ward, (N. J. S.).....10
Vlack, (G. C.)..... 0

Feb. 21, at German Club—
Alexander, (U. L.)..... 8
Vlack, (G. C.)..... 2

*The German Club failed to show up, thus forfeiting ten games to the Xavier Union.

The standing of the Clubs is now as follows:

CLUBS.	WON.	LOST.	PER CT.
New Jersey Society.....	82½	17½	825
Fanwood Quad Club....	69	31	690
Xavier Union.....	59½	38½	595
Union League.....	34½	55½	383
Lexington A. C.....	30½	49½	338
German Club.....	4	76	005

This Thursday evening the Lexington Athletic Club plays the Union League at the latter's rooms, but it can't be decided if the Union League are to retain fourth place, even if they are successful in the series, because the Lexington Athletic Club are to wind up the tournament with the tail-enders, the German Club, on the 27th of this month.

Mr. Arthur C. Bacharach, who is a member of both the Quad Club and Union League, wishes it made known through this column that he has decided to award a challenge cup to be contested by the same clubs next year in checkers, but the rules will be altered somewhat.

The cup, so I understand, is not to become the property of any club, until such club has won it three times in succession, and only one challenge a year is to govern the deed of gift The cup will be known as the Bacharach Checker Challenge Cup.

When the Keely motor starts up bicycling will be made easy. We can just attach a few tuning forks to the wheel and away we go. No noise, no smoke, no coal, no steam, nor electricity: nothing but the musical sounds of the tuning forks and the lightning speed of the wheel.—*Nebraska Mute Journal.*

Boland has a "Rambler" bicycle, and he has been giving us a list of other members of the "profesh" who ride the same wheel. We stand ready to admit that when Boland is astride, the weight of the argument is all in favor of the "Rambler"—*Companion.*

Deaf-Mutes, not only of New York, but all our the country, are invited to send sporting items to the undersigned, who will classify them in proper positions The deaf-mute exchanges, or "little paper fraternity," will also receive due notice if they send copies to the writer whenever such item relating to sports are found in their columns. Address, the undersigned, Station M, care this paper.

A. QUAD.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

A Hotly Contested Debate by the "Lit."

"THAT RASCAL PAT."

The usual News Notes in a Condensed Form.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The meeting of the the "Lit" Friday was devoted exclusively to the senior debate. President Nicholson occupied the chair, and in order to give the speakers more time, he decided to do away with the other exercises. The question of debate was: "Are the mental faculties of the sexes equal?"

The affirmative side, represented by Whitlocke and Roth, argued that the mental capabilities of the "fair sex" are, in every respect, equal to those of the sterner, and that they were not in the least to be belittled. That in almost all colleges where women have been admitted, Gallaudet not excepting, their records stand a fair comparison with those of the men, and that even many of them stand at the head of their respective classes, etc.

The negative side, upheld by Kestner and Brockhagen, argued that that woman's mental faculties were of a light, fickle nature, and in no way capable of expounding deep and serious truths. That on the bright scroll of fame, the woman could point no finger at any one of her sex whose genius would stand a fair comparison with that of many of our illustrious men, etc.

The very nature of the subject seemed to have attracted quite a large attendance from the other side. And they were quite enthusiastic in applauding their "champions," when the victory was awarded them by the judges, Miss Martin and Messrs. Hall and Beadell.

One of the debaters seemed to have been nerved to white heat by the nods and smiles of the fair sex, so generously bestowed on him whenever he scored a favorable point, but it is a question of much doubt among some whether his ardency was somewhat chilled by the frowns of those of us who were not quite willing to admit the merits of our sisters.

"That Rascal Pat," a farce in one act, by J. Holmes Grover, was successfully rendered in pantomime by our embryo actors on the evening of the twentieth, although it was a very short play, consuming an hour in its reproduction. It was one of the most successful ever given in the history of the dramatic club. The weather certainly kept many from attending, but the interest and applause which was frequently manifested, showed how much the play was appreciated. The make-up of the characters was excellent, especially that of Bumgardner and Stutsman, who played the roles of charming young women. The acting of Haig as the principal in the play was the finest we have seen in a long while, and that of the others was also good. The synopsis and cast of characters:—

Pat McNoggerty, a handy servant, C. W. Haig
Major Puffjacket, on half pay, Max Kestner
Charles Livingstone, poor but ambitious, G. B. Whitlocke
Laura, niece to Puffjacket, in love with Charles, A. Stutsman
Nancy, her maid, in love with Pat, B. Bumgardner

SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Charles Livingstone is in love with Laura, who returns his affection, but cannot secure the consent of Major Puffjacket, a crusty old bachelor, to their union. Charles leaves his servant, Pat McNoggerty, a good-natured and blundering Irishman, at a fashionable watering place hotel, cautioning him not to leave the house until Charles's return. Major Puffjacket and his niece happen tho be staying in the same house, unknown to Charles, and the major offers to take Pat into his service; to which propostion Pat assents. Charles returns unexpected, and Pat, in trying to serve two masters, accidentally changes a package of letters in the major's coat for a picture-case in that of Charles, and to explain the mistake he tells the major that the picture-case was given him by his late master on the latter's death-bed, much to the grief of Laura who recognizes it as the picture she had given to Charles. Then Pat explains the presence of the letters to Charles by saying that a gentleman had given it to him to hold; and Charles, finding the letters to be his own letters to Laura, supposes the major, whom he had never seen, a rival, grossly insults the latter and challenges him to mortal combat. After a comical series of complication all the parties meet and explanations ensue. Laura, discovering that Charles is not dead, pleads for forgiveness, which the major finally grants, together with his consent to their marriage. And though deeply incensed at Pat, he concludes that, as the latter is about to marry Laura's maid and can thereby serve both his old and his new master, the best thing he can do is to retain in his service THAT RASCAL PAT.

Much regret was expressed, when the news of the death of one of the college's best and warmest friends, Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, reached the college. He was a life member of our Board of Directors, and in his death, the college mourns the loss of a devoted friend, and a honorable gentleman. President Gallaudet attended the funeral services, which were held at Charlottesville At a meeting of the Board of Directors, resolutions of sympathy were drawn up, and sent to the bereaved family. The students passed similar resolutions at a mass-meeting held in the lyceum.

The February issue of the *Buff and Blue* came out Wednesday. Peterson, '98, contributes a well-written article on "The American University," which is worthy of a careful perusal. The editor dwells forcibly on "plagiarism," and the exchange department quotes something good on the government of students by themselves.

We are all interested in the recent appointment of Hon. William L. Wilson to the presidency of Washington and Lee University. He has also been appointed to fill the vacancy in our Board of Directors caused by the death of Hon. J. Randolph Tucker.

President Cleveland's last public reception, on the 18th, was attended by a large number of the students. Twenty-eight of our sister students went, chaperoned by Mr. Fowler.

Dr. Philip Gillett, of the A. A. P. T. S. D. favored us with a short visit Wednesday.

Whitlocke, '97, has gone to his home in Illinois for a much needed rest.

Mr. Ballard, after an absence of three weeks, resumed his duties in the Kendall School, Monday.

The Kentucky students were favored with a call from Miss Lyle, a teacher in the school of that State.

F. C. S.

The Sign-Language Saved.

"The debaters were more or less princes of darkness as far as the intelligibleness of their sign-making was concerned, and one of the judges was obliged to admit that he could reach no decision."

The foregoing is from the Gallaudet College correspondence of a prominent New York paper. It raises the query: Can such things be? Is the sign-language used in the college in such a manner that it can not be understood? And if signs are unintelligible, why not resort to spelling? Signs are supposed to be "the thing" because they afford a clear, definite and facile method of conveying thought. If they do not convey thought, what are they good for? —*Silent Hoosier.*

The sign-language must go! For so hath decreed the editor of *The Silent Hoosier*, who, constituting himself both judge and jury, would consign the culprit to immediate desuetude.

But not so fast, judge! The prisoner at the bar has friends at court who are determined that he shall have justice. He is too old and respectable and useful a friend to be thus condemned unheard.

The higher court of public opinion orders, therefore, that the judge review the case. The evidence upon which the judgment was based was entirely insufficent, to say nothing of the fact that the judge was probably prejudiced against the prisoner and therefore incapable of righteous judgment.

Let us see what the evidence was! A scribbler at the college declared that in a certain debate at said seat of learning the signs of the debaters were dark and unintelligible. This is all the evidence, but that was sufficient to a wolf who had decided beforehand to have lamb for breakfast.

The higher court, on the contrary, holds that the prisoner must have another trial, the evidence being incomplete in that: First, the beforementioned scribbler may have been dull of comprehension and incapble of appreciating what was said; or,

Second, the debaters may be nervous and therefore unable to use signs on this occasion as well as usual; or,

Third, they may have been educated at some manual alphabet school and only knew how to spell.

No, my dear judge, you were too hasty this time. You allowed your prejudices to warp your judgment. You should have associated with yourself such judges as Gallaudet and Gillett, Dobyns and Draper, Walker and Wilkinson, and we feel sure that whatever other decision you may have reached regarding the sign-language, you would surely never have condemned it as dark and obscure.

You may have decided that the aforeraid debaters, in common with many teachers of the deaf, do not understand how to use it effectively, but this no more detracts from its power than the fact that some people cannot use Hebrew proves that it is deficient in expressiveness.

Really, judge, you must find other evidence, and meantime the prisoner goes scot free.—*D., in Colorado Index.*

NOTICE.

A lecture will be given, in aid of the Gallaudet Home, at 67 East 89th Street, on Tuesday evening, March 16th, 1897, at 8 o'clock, by Mr. E. A. Hodgson. His subject will be "Men and Manners."

Admission - - - - 15 cents.

The deaf of Mississippi have raised the sum of $111.40 for a memoriam fund in remembrance of the late Prof. L. W. Saunders.—*Missouri Record.*

PHILADELPHIA.

A Delightful Surprise Party.

LITERARY EXERCISES AT THE CLUB.

Sickness is Quite General--The News in Brief.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

One of the most delightful surprise parties of the season was tendered to Miss Emma Barnes by her many friends, at her home on Saturday evening, February the 20th. Dancing and games were indulged in until nearly midnight when an elaborate supper was served. After doing justice to this the guests dispersed.

Among those present were Misses Hannah Wright, of Frankford, M. Marshall, of Marcus Hook, Annie Auer, Katie Moyer, Annie Hackett, Sallie Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. W. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pennell, Messrs. Adolph Yerkes, Harry G. Gunkel, Chas. S. Yoder, Townley H. Mondeau, Edward Hackett, Wm. Fries, John Kohlmann, Jr., Fred. Stumpf, Solomon Bacharach, John Grady, Charles Weigman, Albert Luckler, Henry Kemmer, Jacob Barnes, Albert Barnes, Clarence Barnes and John Barnes.

The following literary exercises were had on Thursday evening last:

News Reading by President Ziegler; Poetical Reading, "A woman's Ors, or a Woman's Work never Ends," by Miss Katie Eisele; Historical Sketch, "Matilda, the First Queen of England," by Miss Effie L. Parker; Debate: "Resolved, That we derive more benefit from Reading than from Observation," by the following members, Messrs. Wismer and Stumpf for the affirmative side, and Messrs. Dewees and Gunkel for the negative; Recitation, "That Hired Girl," by Mr. R. E. Underwood; and lastly, a Song Rendition, by Mr. John M. Wismer.

Sickness again prevented the Rev. Mr. Koehler from officiating at All Souls' Church on Sunday. Therefore the Lay-Readers read serviced. In the evening Mr. J. S. Reider read service before the Reading Deaf-Mute Mission, returning on Monday evening.

February 17th, 1897, another little lady came to grace the home of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Koehler, Congratulations, reverend sir.

Tickets are out for the literary entertainment of the Club, to be held March 18th. They cost ten cents each for non-members On account of the low price, a large attendance is expected.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., returned from Carlisle, Pa, early last week after an absence of about two months.

The whole Buch family was sick last week and some may be yet. Mr. and Mrs. Reider's daughter is sick with ulcerated sore throat. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruthi, of Camden, N. J., lost their little boy, Joe, from diphtheria, last week. Mr. and Mrs. Lipsett's little boy is reported out of danger. Miss Mary J. Reddy, of Mt. Airy, was called to Reading, Pa., last week, on account of the serious illness of a brother. Thomas Jones carries his left hand in a sling at present.

Mr. John Lentz, a retired hotel keeper, of Jonestown, Pa., died on Saturday, the 13th inst., of general debility, having reached his ninety-second year. He was the grandfather of Mr. John C. Lentz, our genial friend, also of Miss Maria L. Lentz, of this city. Both of these grand children attended the funeral. We extend them our sympathy for the loss of their worthy relative.

The Deaf-Mutes' Mission, of Reading, Pa., will have its annual cake sale on Saturday evening, the 27th of February, at its rooms on North Fifth Street.

Among the visitors at All Souls' Church on Sunday were seen, Miss Alice Lee Tyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Messrs. Chas. L. McManus and Emil F. Scheifler, of Newark, N. J.

Miss Mattie M. Marshall, of Marcus Hook, has been spending a few days in the city.

Some of our deaf manifest considerable interest in the coming Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight for the championship. From their talk, we infer that they are well posted on it. Most of the Mutual Club's boys are admirers of Corbett, but none will dare to bet on him. E. McCarthy predicts that Corbett will win in about the 8th round. As for ourself, we are as dumb as an oyster on the subject.

Mr. E. McCarthy took a spin to the navy yard to see the cruiser Brooklyn a few days ago.

Miss Annie C. Schatz, of Reading, Pa., is one of the few deaf ladies of the State that has mastered the "bike."

John Botzum, of Reading, Pa., has been connected with the Hampden Fire Company, of this city, as an active fireman, for the past seventeen years, and a Reading paper says that "his record has always been good." By trade, he is a carpenter in the Philadelphia & Reading shops. He expects to attend a fireman's convention at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., next Fall.

The *Mt. Airy World* office can boast of a new type-setting machine.

Feb. 22, 1897.

J. S. R.

BALTIMORE.

I guess you thought we were all dead down here, but we were only "froze in." Now the ice has left us, we will let you hear from us.

Rev. J. M. Koehler, of Philadelphia, appeared before the Baltimore Society on Friday evening, the 12th, in a very entertaining talk on his recent trip to Europe. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a fair attendance and a great deal of interest was manifested in the lecture. The usual humor of the lecturer was displayed and at the conclusion he was applauded and tendered a vote of thanks.

Mr. Gill accompanied by his deaf son, H. J. Gill, left Baltimore some time ago for a trip to Hot Springs, Arkansas, in search of health. We hope to hear of his entire recovery ere his return.

Mr. O. J. Whildin delivered a highly instructive and interesting sermon at our chapel this afternoon. Mr. Whildin is a lay reader of pleasing address, and imposing presence. He is an eloquent and persuasive speaker, and his forcible manner of presenting facts at once interested his hearers and held their attention to the end.

To-morrow evening our entertainment and refreshments will be given at our society hall for the benefit of the Baltimore Society. All our friends are cordially invited to be with us and spend a pleasant time.

Miss Grace Webster, who has been sick with la grippe, was seen at our chapel to-day. It seems as if our old enemy, la grippe, is playing havoc among the people again this winter.

Wm. Feldpusch is another Job. Been sick with several boils on his face and neck.

Our deaf-mutes were greatly privileged on Friday evening, February 19th, and some of them left their homes to attend a party at Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamber's house in Woodberry, given by our popular Emma Hare. The evening passed away very quickly, and proved to be a most pleasant one. At an appropriate hour a bountiful table was prepared, and the merry crowd was invited to the dining room where they did ample justice. Among those present were: Misses Annie Van Pelt, Sallie Gourley, Mollie Bowens, Johanna Thies, Mollie Spencer, Maggie O'Neil, Miss Turnt, Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bass, Messrs. Harry Smith, John Barrett, Mrs. Hare, Miss Emma Hare and others.

Mr. Harry T. Reamy, who was invited to be present at Miss Emma Hare's party, tried to find the way to her house, and got lost in Woodberry, and gave it up, and came home earlier than he expected.

William Lohmuller a pupil of Maryland School for the Deaf, was taken from home to the St. John Hopkins Hospital, where he could be looked after better by the doctors. He is troubled with abscess in his neck.

E. T. Terrell a prominent shoemaker in the northern part of this city, opened a first class shoe repairing shop at 202 North Bond Street, and promoted Mr. J. A Branflick from his shop to take charge of the new shop. Good luck goes with Mr. Branflick.

A stranger crept in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol last week. They have six children and all are deaf. Three of them are at the Maryland School for the Deaf.

Miss Lula Pancost, of Virginia, is stopping with Miss Iola Pettit for two weeks.

Messrs. Fred Lurmann and C. K. Conway joined the Myrtle Cycle Club, well known in this city.

During the past few days the weather has been favorable and it looks too inviting to stay in the house, even if one has the grippe.

The Baltimore Society for the Deaf held its regular meeting some time ago, and elected Mr. McElroy, President; J. L. Kampe, Vice President; J. A. Branflick, Secretary; J. H. Mooney, Treasurer; and John C. Wess, Sergeant-at-arms. They will be installed on 3d of March.

MYRTLE.

Bishop White to the Rev. A. W. Mann.

BISHOP'S HOUSE,
242 NORTH PENNSYLVANIA ST.,
INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 3, 1897.

THE REV. A. W. MANN,
GAMBIER, OHIO.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter is duly received. I am under the impression at present that it will be possible for me to be at service with you at Christ Church, Indianapolis, at 4 P.M., Palm Sunday, April 11th, as I am to be in the city on that day at St. Paul's Church in the morning and Holy Innocents Church in the evening. I shall be very glad to add the deaf-mute service to the others for that day.

With affectionate regard, permit me to remain.

Faithfully yours,
JOHN HAZEN WHITE.
Bishop of Indiana.

FANWOOD.

The Basket Ball Team's 1896-'97 Record.

A BANNER FOR THE BEST CLASS TEAM.

The Girls in Uniforms--Prof. Jones' Recites "Macbeth," How Washington's Birthday Was Observed Will Be Told Next Week.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The Fanwood Basket Ball team went to Yonkers last Wednesday evening, and played at the Fourth Separate Company's N. G. S. N. Y. Armory, a game with the team representing that Company. It was one of the most hotly contested games of basket-ball ever seen in that Armory. There were in all probably one thousand people present. At the end of the first half when time was called the score stood Fanwood 2, 4th Separate's 1. The second half opened with an intensely exciting and very fast playing. After a series of combination passes, which included the whole length of the Armory, on a foul pass from Ellis, Cook shot the only goal that was made from the field. Although the 4th Separate's men were at least twenty-five pounds in excess, to the man, our boys outplayed them at every point. The final score being Fanwood's 4, 4th Separate Co's 1. Summary as follows :

		Goals.
Ryer	Foul	1
Cook	Field	1
Cook	Foul	1

Umpires, E. Miller and J. Coles. Referee, C. Pearce. Timer, W. B. Hill, Scorer, C. Fetscher.

The 4th Separate Company are winners of the Hudson River League National Guards. Our boys are not only the *School Champions*, but hold practically the championship of the above League. This being the second time that they have won from this Company. This is the last game our boys have been schudaled to play this season.

And in giving a record of the work done. We would says that our boys have not met any but first class teams, meeting all the teams of this section and the New England States. This being Fanwood's first team, it has done herself much to feel proud of, and we wish to commend the team for their conscientious and hard training. Below is appended a table of the various clubs the boys have played, with and the results in each contest.

Central's	17
Fanwood	7
Bridgeport	4
Fanwood	8
Waterbury	13
Fanwood	7
New Britains	21
Fanwood	7
Yonkers, A. A	7
Fanwood	9
Eastern Dis't	29
Fanwood	4
Washington Heights	5
Fanwood	16
Knickerbocker A. C	13
Fanwood	5
Springfield	15
Fanwood	7
Training School	14
Fanwood	13
Valley League	22
Fanwood	3
Yonkers, A. A	7
Fanwood	5
4th Sep Co	6
Fanwood	8
Trenton's	30
Fanwood	11
Adelphi	15
Fanwood	21
4th Sep. Co	1
Fanwood	4

This makes a total of sixteen games played, of which our boys won six and lost ten.

The seventh grade boys who entertained the members of our literary association last week Saturday evening, were greatly surprised, on entering their class-room Monday afternoon, to find on each one's desk an orange decorated with white tissue paper bonnets and the face of a brownie painted on the oranges. Attached to each was an envelope bearing the receiver's name. With an appendage for surname as *Sporty, Tryant, Rosy-cheeked*, etc. The meaning of all this was explained on a card inside, some one had taken advantage of its being Valentine's Day, and conceived to have fun with them all.

Miss Gilchrist and Miss DeWees, the former an instructor in Miss Garrett's school, in Philadelphia, and the latter connected in the same way with the New York City schools, were callers on Wednesday last, and were shown through the classes in company with Miss Prudence Burchard.

The young ladies of the morning division cooking class, under the instruction of Mrs. Hotchkin, prepared a dinner, consisting of roast beef, two kinds of cooked potatoes, and biscuits. Later they were permitted to sit down and enjoy it. These young ladies have become such experts in culinary work, that they surprise the instructor, as they can now prepare a dish with little or no assistance whatever from their instructor.

Friday afternoon, the Junior Basket Ball team went to Harlem, and played with the Junior team of the Harlem Y. M. C. A., and defeated them by a score of 9 to 2. The features of this game were the blocking of Powell and Muller; the passing of ball by Young, Fetcher and Dyer. Fetcher's work at center was a credit, he and Dyer outplayed their opponents.

Principal Currier has announced his intention of awarding a prize of a handsome silk banner, to the class that wins the highest score in a series of games to be contested by the following grades: Ninth Male, Advanced Oral, Seventh Male, Seventh Mixed, Sixth Oral, Fifth, Fourth, and First Oral.

On Saturday afternoon, in the gymnasium, the games were played, another score was:—

Ninth Male	12
Advanced Oral	5
Seventh Male	16
Seventh Mixed	5
Sixth Oral	7
Seventh Oral	5

Sunday evening's stereopticon lecture was pen portraits of Washington, and the American Revolution, from the first Shot on Boston Common, to the Surrender of the British at Yorktown, Va. A culmination, which gave to this generation and generations that are to come, Liberty and its blessings for ever, and classed us as the foremost civilized government of the people, for the people and by the people on the earth.

The versatile signmaker, Prof. W. G. Jones held the closest attention of the members of the Fanwood Literary Association, for two hours and a half Saturday evening, as he delivered in graphic signs, one of the masterpieces of Shakespeare's dramas, "Macbeth." Needless for us to say that at his conclusion we older one felt as though we had been in a theatre, where all the pharaphernalia that goes to make up a play were produced in realistic form.

The girls have at last received their uniforms. They are made of navy blue cloth. There is no display of finery, as is usually found on all female attire, but they nevertheless are very becoming. On Sunday they had them on for the first time. And all who saw them say it is a very deceided improvement. And it brings them all down to an equal plane. As personal observation on the part of the sterner sex will attest to it, that girls think more of fine display than they otherwise would think of eating.

Washington's birthday was fittingly observed here. In the morning the pupils and officers all assembled in the chapel, where the exercises commemorating the life and labors of our first President, were held, the evening was given over to a masquerade entertainment, wherein nearly one hundred and twenty-five people of both sexes participated. Owing to the limited time between the affair and the issuing of this paper, we deem it best to omit particulars till the next issue, when a full account of both morning exercises and evening entertainment will be furnished. We, however, wish to here say it was a success, and all who partook and saw the masquerade enjoyed it.

W. G. SHANKS.

A PRECIOUS MESSAGE.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened, and the wife of the famous Arctic explorer in another moment covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage thirty long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that all was going well with him and his expedition in the polar regions. Nansen had fastened a message to a carrier pigeon and turned the bird loose. The frail courier darted out into the blizzardly air. It flew like an arrow over a thousand miles of frozen waste, and then sped forward over another thousand miles of ocean and plains and forests, and one morning entered the window of the waiting mistress, and delivered the message which she had been awaiting to anxiously.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance; but this loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of thirty months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one when the marvelous story is told. Mrs. Nansen's pigeon is of the wonders of the world.—*The Churchman.*

Wyoming cattlemen have discontinued paying the wolf bounty of $15 per wolf.

President Kruger as a Hunter.

Here is a story I have from an eye-witness, just as he told it: "It is a fact that the President could run as fast as a horse. I remember once that he had a dispute with his friend Jacobs, owing to the President stating that he could run as fast as a horse. The result was that the President ran against a horse, with a rider on it, for a length or eight hundred yards, and actually outran the horse." This would seem incredible had I not heard the tale confirmed by Kruger himself, who is most reluctant to speak of his own doings. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

On another occasion he ran a foot-race among the pick of the Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—amongst others, his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house, he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

He saw through the tall grass a patch of color, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire; and instead of an antelope, up bounded a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eye. The lion made a few steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into furious a gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs.

Kruger had no equal as a runner. He was also famous for his skill with the rifle. Indeed, he would have challenged the best of Buffalo Bill's outfit and given a good account of himself. An old friend of Kruger told me, of his knowledge, that Kruger was once on horseback and chased by an infuriated buffalo. His horse was a good one, but on this occasion had become rather fatigued, and the buffalo commenced to gain. The unequal chase promised to end disastrously for the horse and its rider, for the buffalo kept gaining, would soon have his horn in action. Then Kruger performed a feat which his old friend recalled to me with great pride. He turned in his saddle, raised his rifle, took deleberate aim while his own horse was in full gallop, fired, and the buffalo fell, shot straight through the forehead.

But Kruger himself never lets one suspect that he has done these things; and to look at him in church one would think that he had been trained for the post of deacon or church-warden.

Another story, equally strange, was told me by the same friend. It happened on the same day on which the previous adventure occurred. He had been chasing another buffalo, and his horse had brought him close up to his victim. Suddenly the huge beast put his foot into a hole, and fell head over heels into a hole, swallow. Kruger was on top of it in a moment, horse and rider and buffalo rolling pell-mell in the same big puddle. But Kruger was the first to collect his wits. He sprang at the head of the buffalo, seized both its horns in his hands, and while the beast lay upon its side, twisted its neck so as to force its nose under water; and thus, after a struggle of sheer strength, Kruger killed the buffalo by drowning it. I had heard this story already in Cape Town, but would not belive it until I had the President's corroboration of this extraordinary feat.

It was a superior horse which Kruger rode in those days, but, like many another excellent animal, looked rather unpromising. Two famous elephant-hunters went out with him once, and arranged that as they had the best nags they should ride ahead and turn the elephant's head, while Kruger on his inferior mount should come along as well as he could.

When they sighted their first elephant the two well-mounted hunters sprang away and gave valiant chase. At first they heard nothing of Kruger and thought he had been left far behind. At last the well-known tones were heard calling out, "Why don't you head the beast off?" But they were dealing with an uncommonly active elephant, and were having all they could do to hold their own. Again came Kruger's loud call: "But why don't you head the beast off?"

The two fore-riders redoubled their efforts, but they could not outdistance the ever-increasing appeals of their comrade, whom they had considered as wholly unequal to the task of keeping up with them. But Kruger knew his horse well, and had waited long for this triumph. He rode beside the two men for some time, and then said, carelessly, "Perhaps I'd better turn the beast," and then shot ahead. He soon had this elephant far away from his former companions, and shot him dead. Then, seeing nothing of these two famous hunters, he rode off after more elephants, and when thay at last overtook him he had killed five to their nothing.

Indeed, had Kruger never entered public life, his early years in the hunting-field would alone have made him worthy to be ranked with the heroes of Fennimore Cooper.—*Harper's Magazine.*

How The Boys Saved The Town.

A long time ago, in what is known as the middle ages, there was almost continual war. The people of the German town of Lintz hated the people of the town of Andernach.

The people of Andernach hated the people of Lintz. As the saying is: "There was no love lost between them." One day the people of Lintz made a plan to take the city of Andernach. Very early in the morning they stole to the city wall.

They climbed up. They were almost at the top when something happened. Without any warning, two great hives of bees were thrown from the wall and fell among them. The hives were broken, and the angry bees flew out by thousands. As they saw no one else, they fell upon the soldiers, who were climbing up the wall. They stung them on their eyes, noses and faces. It was all in vain that the soldiers drew their swords, and attempted to fight the bees. There was nothing left for them to do, but to run. Just then the great bell in the tower rang out loud and clear. The people of Andernach rushed to the walls, and by the time that the soldiers of Lintz got rid of the bees, the wall was full of their enemies. So they had to go home, and Andernach was saved.

I am sure, you are anxious to know how this happened. In the town of Andernach there were two boys who worked in a bakery. They worked all night, and went home just before day to rest. They had noticed that the watchman, whose duty it was to watch the wall at night, kept bees on the wall. They knew, too, that as soon as the very first light appeared he went home. So they climbed up the wall from the inside, intending to steal some honey. When they got there they heard a noise. They looked over the wall, and saw the enemy climbing up. Hardly thinking what they were doing, they pushed the beehives over on them. Then they ran to the tower and began to ring the bell.

The people of Andernach were greatly pleased with what the boys had done. They caused a marble statue to be made and set up near the gate of the tower. It shows the two boys throwing the bees on the heads of the soldiers.—*Michigan Mirror.*

Hammers.

Hammers are represented on the monuments of Egypt, twenty centuries before our era. They greatly resembled the hammer now in use, save that there were no claws on the back for the extraction of nails. The first hammer was undoubtedly a stone held in the hands. Claw hammers were invented some time during the middle ages. Illuminated manuscripts of the eleventh century represent carpenters with claw hammers. Hammers are of all sizes, from the dainty instruments used by the jeweler, which weighs less than half an ounce, to the gigantic hammers of shipbuilding establishments, some of which weigh as much as fifty-tons and have a falling force of from ninety to one hundred. Every trade has its own hammer and its own way of using it.

All About Snakes.

The new world has seventy-two varieties of venomous snakes.

There are said to be over 100 varieties of poisonous serpents in India.

The serpent has two lungs, but only one is developed, the other being rudimentary.

Snake experts say that of all venomous reptiles the rattlesnake is the most deadly.

Pythons and boas in captivity have been known to go twenty-two months without food.

The teeth of a serpent are hooked backward, so that its prey, once seized, rarely escapes.

The ears of a snake do not appear externally, being merely small orifices covered by the skin.

The cobra is said to be the only serpent that emits a cry, which resembles the squeak of a rat.

The male snake is always smaller, more slender, of brighter color, and more active than the female.

The skin of the serpent is exceedingly extensible; it can be stretched to twice its ordinary dimensions.

All serpents, even in the tropical regions, become either torpid or languid during the cool season of the year.

It is said by naturalists that the story of vipers swallowing their young, when in danger, has a foundation in fact.

A snake finds the same difficulty in crossing a plate of glass that a man experiences in walking upon very smooth ice.

Some boas and pythons have horny hooks on the sides of the body, which seem to be the rudiments of a pair of hind legs.

The python, in the old world, replaces the boa in the new. The python differs from the boa in having four teeth in the intermaxillary bone.

Snakes have frequently been known to commit sucide. Rattlesnakes, when surrounded by a circle of fire, will bite themselves to death.

All snakes feed on living animals and refuse to touch those which they have not killed for themselves. A snake is very choice about his meat.

The viper is the only poisonous serpent known in Europe, and it is found in every part of the continent and in many localities in the south of England.

The hissing sound produced by serpents is greatly exaggerated, as the quantity of air contained in a snake's lungs is too small to produce a loud sound when ejected.

The forked tongue of the serpent is one of its most striking characteristics. Useless as it may seem, serpents have been observed to lap water with the tongue like a dog.

The entire muscular system of a snake is, in one way or another, connected with its spinal column, and presents one of the most complex arrangements known to the comparative anatomist.

The lower jaw of the serpent is connected with the upper by means of cartilages and tendons which are extensible, and the snake can thus swallow an animal larger in circumference than its own body.

The viper which, when St. Paul was shipwrecked in Malta, came out of the fire and fastened on the hand of the apostle, was probably the same variety as that existing on the island at present time.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

DISAPPOINTING TO THE SNAKES.

"Did you ever see hogs kill rattlesnakes?" inquired the old mountaineer.

Evidently none of his hearers had ever beheld such an exciting spectacle.

"Well, it's a picnic for the hogs," he continued, "and a great surprise and disappointment to the snakes.

As soon as a hog sights a rattlesnake he grunts as though some one had chucked him an ear of corn and trots right after it. The snake sees a big, fat hog coming his way, and you can almost see it grin as it coils up and says to itself: 'That's my pork.'

"The hog trots right up as if he wanted to be friendly, and the snake, fired with an ambition to kill some pork, lets fly like a steel spring and hooks on to the hog. Then comes the great surprise. Instead of running and squealing, as the snake expected, the hog calmly turns around, plants his forefoot on the snake and commences feeding off his tail. It's a pain ful surprise to an ambitious rattler. He keeps thrashing around and striking until there isn't a bite of him left. Then Mr. Hog looks for a new rattler. He doesn't feel any more inconvenience from the snake bites than he would from a yellow jacket's sting."—*San Francisco Post.*

The work of construction on the Cripple Creek district electric railway has finally started.

ENTERTAINMENT AND GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Protean Society

OF THE

New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb

AT THE

CHAPEL OF THE INSTITUTION

On Saturday Evening, March 20, 1897

CURTAIN RAISES AT EIGHT P.M. SHARP.

Reserved Seats..... 50 Cents.
Admission..... 25 Cents.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

JAMES AVENS, Chairman,
EUGENE V. MOESLEIN, ELI ELLIS, JR.

OFFICERS:

ENOCH HENRY CURRIER, Councilor.
ROBERT H. MCVEA, President. HERMAN F. BECK, Vice-President.
JOHN H. KAISER, Secretary. EMIL MAYER, Treasurer.



For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

Theo. I. Lounsbury
Book Job and Commercial Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

226 East 59th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

50	Visiting Cards, with name,	.30
100	" " "	.40
50	fine " "	.40
100	" " "	.60

Manual Alphabet, ten cents extra.

PATENTS

QUICKLY SECURED. Trade-marks and Copyrights registered and patent business of every description promptly and skillfully conducted at lowest rates. Inventions introduced, companies formed, and PATENTS SOLD ON COMMISSION. 25 years' experience. Highest references. Send us model, sketch or Photo. of invention, with explanation, and we will report whether patentable or not, free of charge. OUR FEE PAYABLE WHEN PATENT IS ALLOWED. When patent is secured we will conduct its sale for you without extra charge. 32-PAGE HAND-BOOK and list of 200 inventions wanted mailed to inventors free upon request. This is the most complete little patent book published and every inventor should WRITE FOR ONE.

H. B. WILLSON & CO., Patent Solicitors, Le Droit Bld'g. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape Photographer . . . Railway Scenery a Specialty

We also make Etchings on Copper and Zinc from our own Negatives only.

Livingston, N. J.
New York Office,
401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

An elaborate electricial exhibition will be given at the Young Men's Christian Association, 458 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., on February 20th, at eight o'clock P.M., sharp, and February 22d, at ten o'clock A.M., at the Young Men's Christian Association, Twenty third Street and Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Tickets, - - - - - 25 cents.

WILLIAM E. SHAW,
Deaf Electrician.
BROOKLINE, MASS.

Pach's

Convention Orders are now completed. Rain in early part of summer and extreme heat later delayed the work.

By September 5th

all should have received their picture. Send $1.00, $1.25 or $2.00 (latter is a handsome "Queen panel") for your convention group, if you have not already ordered one.

Alex. L. Pach,
935 Broadway, N. Y

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

If you want a nice diamond ring for your best girl, go to EDGAR BLOOM, 66 Maiden Lane, New York City. He will sell you anything in the line of Diamond Jewelry at reasonable prices.

STAR THEATRE
Broadway, near 14th Street
Direction, - - - R. M. Gulick & Co.
Hollis E. Cooley, Resident Manager.

Our attractions always appeal to "those who hear with the eye."

Prices always 75, 50 and 25 cents.
Matinees, 50 and 25 cents.

Feb. 15th—Last week of the great Cuban Melodrama, "CUBA'S VOW."

Feb. 22d—Washington's Birthday week, with extra matinee, Kate Claxton in a revival of "THE TWO ORPHANS."

March 1st—The great laugh makers, Ward and Vokes in "A RUN ON THE BANK."

March 8th—"THE GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY."

March 15th—Carl A. Haswin in "A LION'S HEART."

The Bijou Circuit.

R. M. Gulick & Co., Managers.

Star Theatre.....New York.
Columbia Theatre.....Boston.
Bijou Theatre.....Brooklyn.
National Theatre.....Philadelphia.
Bijou Theatre.....Pittsburg.

GRAND BAL MASQUE
—at—
Red Men's Hall
No 514 Tremont Street, near Dover Street
BOSTON, MASS.
Monday, February 22, 1897

Mr. George A. Holmes, whose successful management of all-night entertainments is widely known all over New England and always appreciated by a large crowds of pleasure seekers but who has not undertaken the charge of any affairs of the kind for several years, has been importuned so often by many who remember the "GOOD OLD TIMES" under his management, to hold another large entertainment this winter, has at last yielded to their entreatries and promises to make this

Bal Masque

the most brilliant social affair of the year in New England's Metropolis.

PROGRAM.

The program will include Declamation, Mock Trial, Spelling Match, etc., and Dancing. Prizes will be given.

Tickets (gent and lady) -	$1.00
Gentleman, - - - - -	.75
Lady, - - - - -	.50
Children, - - - - -	.25

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.